

The World Is Small

By KATE EDMONDS

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"So you are going to marry Ethel Wade?" remarked Fenton as he parted with Gregory Marsh. "Congratulations!"

Gregory smiled contentedly. "I'm the happiest man on earth," he said. "And you marry your dream-girl after all," was Fenton's parting shot as he boarded his train.

"My dream-girl," mused Gregory as he drove slowly home. "I had almost forgotten her—I wonder if I ought to tell Ethel about her?—she might not understand and then I want no tiny cloud to mar our perfect happiness." But that evening before he retired Gregory dug out an old letter case and took from it a pink chiffon veil and a glittering slipper buckle. Scents of orris wrenched him out of the present and into the piercing sweet joy of the night in his fledgling days.

The pink veil had been twisted about her fair hair, and the odd buckle of pearls and brilliants he had found in his car—it must have dropped from her little satin slipper. That was his share of her—all he had.

He did not even know her name, yet it had seemed he had been waiting for her all the impressionable days of his youth, and she came and went out of his life like a beautiful dream.

He buried his face in the pink veil and again lived the mad moment of the spectacular fire at the summer resort—the frantic girl who had beseeched him to take her away from the burning hotel where she had been dancing with the gay throng, of his ready compliance and the slipping away of the high-powered car through

"Once—long ago. It was years and years ago."

She smiled brightly and spoke about the season—it was early, but there were crowds of people on the boardwalk and about the hotels and cottages. "There is the new hotel—at least I call it new. The old one burned when we were last stopping here. I was at the hotel hop that night."

"The night it burned?" he asked incredulously.

She nodded and her cheeks burned. "She knows!" thought Gregory—"the world is small!" Then he said aloud: "Tell me about those days—before you knew me."

She turned her face away. "I must tell you this evening, Gregory—that is why I wanted you to come—there is something I have to say to you."

"Very well, do not let me forget," he agreed, but his heart felt cold and sick. "Somehow she has found out that I have treasured the pink veil—I wonder whatever became of it—I meant to burn it. Perhaps Fenton has bubbled about my dream girl, confound a garrulous man, anyhow!"

Dinner was eaten in silence and in silence they entered the elevator to their rooms.

When the door was closed he faced her with smiling lips and heavy heart. "Well," he asked, and as he asked it he wished he had never seen or heard of his "dream girl." He had no love for anyone save his young wife, and this shadow of one night's madness might never over him and shut out the sun of happiness forever.

"Come here, Gregory," said his wife in a cold, little voice.

"In a moment, dear," he said, going to his own trunk in the corner. He searched it thoroughly and was relieved to find the old letter case. With this in his hand he came back to the hearth-rug and sat down beside her. She was playing with the contents of her jewel box; suddenly something fell to the floor and Gregory picked it up—a slipper buckle of pearls and brilliants.

"This—" he asked dazedly. "Oh, Gregory, listen—I have been such a foolish, romantic goose—I will not be happy until you know—but I love you only—In a moment she was telling him a story—the story of his dream girl and a most charming youth—unknown since that night, whose dim memory she had cherished for years. "Is that all?" he asked at last.

"All? Oh, Gregory!" she smiled through her tears, as he produced the mate to her slipper buckle, and the pink veil.

"I wore it next to my heart for weeks," he declared. "Idiot!" she giggled. "How strange we never recognized each other!" "Never really saw each other that night! This is rich, Ethel!"

"And I am really the only girl you ever—"

"And I am honestly the only man you ever—"

They both disappeared behind the pink veil for an instant. Then Gregory came forth with eyes still dizzy with surprise.

"The world is small," he muttered.

"It's big enough," said Ethel meekly, "because there's only two people in it just now—"

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LIVED IN PHANTOM WORLD

"Ouida," Successful Novelist, Endeavored to Order Existence Like the Characters She Created.

Louise de la Ramee, author of "Under Two Flags," better known by her nom de plume, "Ouida," lived in a world of her own creation, peopled with men and women of royal titles and wealth who had mansions and palaces and undreamed of luxury. But she invested this phantom world with a semblance of life and often with certain poetry, says W. H. Mallock in Harper's Magazine.

In some ways she was more striking than her books. In her dress she was an attempted exaggeration of the most exaggerated of her own female characters. She occupied a large villa near Florence for many years, and during that time she visited London only once, and then she depleted herself to herself as a personage of European influence charged with a mission to secure the appointment of Lord Lytton as British ambassador to Paris.

"Ouida" made much money and spent much. She tried to live as gorgeously as the characters of her books lived, and was lavish in securing the best and the most beautiful in everything. Friends aided her for a long time, giving her large sums of money for her own comfort, but they found it was like putting water in a sieve, and gave it up. She died in what was a little more than a peasant's cottage at Lucca,—Detroit News.

Then He Said It. Colonel Blank (to orderly)—I've noticed the marines about the post repeatedly using a peculiar expression. Wherever I go lately I hear, "I'll say it is." What's the idea?

Private Smith (formerly of Harvard Law School)—Sir, the phrase you mention is usually spoken in affirmation or approval of some statement recently uttered. The peculiar emphasis it imparts to a truism with which the speaker is heartily in accord has led to its colloquial adoption. I think. Is my explanation satisfactory, sir?

Colonel Blank—I'll say it is.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Dolled Up. Edith—Maud Elderly has a remarkably fresh complexion. Marie—Hasn't she? I never saw such a young head on such old shoulders.—London Opinion.



Sat Down Beside Her.

the midnight darkness, with the glare of the fire behind and the sobbing girl beside him.

The ride had soothed her hysteria, they had talked like old friends, and after a while he left her at a large house where distracted relatives thanked him effusively and invited him within. He had declined.

For the first time in his young life he loved, and he wanted to go away and think about it. He never saw her again and had never been able to locate the house where he had left her. The veil and the buckle he treasured for years—until he met Ethel—then he locked them away and forgot all about them.

Tonight he would burn them—but this resolution was dashed by a telephone call—hurried consultations and such weariness that obliterated it from his memory. The letter case and the mementos were packed in his trunk and accompanied him on his wedding journey.

The waning of the honeymoon found them motoring along the eastern coast resorts.

"There is a place called 'Harmony,'" suggested Ethel one morning as she studied the road map. "Let us go there, dear."

"Very well," agreed Gregory, but he marveled at an unkind fate which had prompted Ethel to select that summer resort. His lovely wife flushed delicately and her blue eyes were reminiscent. "Would you mind going there, Greg?" she asked. "There is something I must show you—and tell you."

"Horrible confession—Mrs. Bluebeard!" jibed Gregory, putting his arm around her.

"Horrid enough," pouted Ethel. "It's about the man-who-came-before-you!" "Piffle! I bet he didn't stay when he saw me coming," remarked Gregory with complacency. "Some of those youngsters who used to hang around you, dear, are running yet!"

"Such a goose as I married," sighed Ethel, but there was a cloud on her fair face and a troubled look in her sweet eyes which worried Gregory. He wondered if Ethel was concealing anything from him, and from that time doubt came burning jealousy.

They were both unhappy. "Have you ever been here, Gregory?" asked Ethel as they neared Harmony.

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Batavia Grated Pineapple, No. 2, 45c seller	40c
Batavia Pineapple, 2lb. can, 45c seller	40c
Batavia Tomatoes, 3 lb. cans, 30c seller	20c
per dozen cans	\$2.40
Batavia Green Beans, 25c seller	20c
per dozen cans	\$2.40
Batavia Apple Sauce, 2½ lb. can	40c
Batavia Cod Fish, large cans, 45c seller	30c
Batavia Canned Cauliflower, 35c cans	25c
Batavia and Monsoon Brooms, \$1.25, \$1.30 and \$1.35 sellers, absolutely guaranteed, sale price \$1.00	
Batavia Pumpkin, 25c cans	19c
2½ lb. Can Batavia Pineapple, 60c seller	19c
per case	\$10.80
No. 2 Squat Cans Batavia Pineapple, 50c seller	40c
per case	\$9.60
No. 1 Batavia Sliced Pineapple, 30c seller	25c
per dozen cans	\$2.65
No. 1 Batavia Grated Pineapple, 30c seller	25c
per dozen cans	\$2.65
Batavia Corn, per can	22c; per case
Batavia Peas, 40c seller, per can	35c
Batavia Seed Raisins, 35c packages	31c
Batavia Seedless Raisins, 35c packages	31c
Batavia Buckwheat Flour, 75c sacks	55c
Monsoon Canned Sweet Potatoes, 2½ lbs. 25 seller	21c
Monsoon Canned Green Asparagus Tips, 50c seller	40c
per case	\$9.45
Delmonte Asparagus, 1 lb. 15 oz., Long Spear, 60c seller	50c
20c Can Peas, 15c seller, 7 cans for	\$1.00
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Monarch Baked Beans, 15c cans, 2 cans for	25c
1 Quart Batavia Maple Syrup, \$1.25 seller	\$1.00
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Monsoon Maple Syrup, \$1.00 cans	75c
Delmonte White Asparagus Tips, 60c seller	50c
per case	\$10.80
H. & S. Tomatoes, 25c seller	18c; 2 cans for
Monsoon Sliced Peaches, 55c seller 45c; per case	\$10.80
Monarch Apricot Butter, 1 lb can, 25c seller	17c

Hawk Eye Sweet Pickles, 35c jars	25c
Pilot Brand Peaches, Halves, 55c seller, per can	45c
per case	\$10.80
Strawberry, Peach, Pineapple and Red Raspberry Jam, 75c seller, net weight 1 lb. 11 ozs. per jar	60c
Monarch Pure Fruit Jam, 13½ ozs., 45c seller	30c
per dozen	\$3.50
Pilot Brand Olives, large jars, 65c sellers	55c
Council Brand or Lee's Baked Beans, 20c sellers	15c
Booth Sardines, 15 oz. cans, 30c seller, per can	21c
Mushrooms, \$1.00 cans	90c; per dozen
Jiffy Jell, all flavors, 15c, 2 packages for	23c
Canned Pimentos, 25c seller	20c
Golden Age Macaroni, 10c packages, 3 packages for	25c
Extra Fancy Gunpower Tea, \$1.00 lb. seller	75c
1 lb Package African Blend Coffee, 40c packages	28c
Hipolite Marshmallow Cream, 35c jar	25c
1 lb Can Pink Salmon, 35c cans	25c
½ Pint Salad Oil, per bottle	10c
Mustard Sardines, 20c size	15c
B. & R. Fruit Nectar, per bottle	26c
Curtis Kepperd Sardines, 25c size	15c
Curtis Ripe Olives, 45c seller	35c
Curtis Ripe Olives, 80c seller	65c
Curtis Ripe Olives, 20c seller, 2 can for	25c
Sardines, 10c seller, 4 cans for	25c
Large Bottle Farm House Olives, 80c bottles	70c
American Lady Peas, 40c seller	30c
per case	\$7.20
Hart Brand Peas, 30c seller	25c; per case
Shoe Peg Corn, 25c seller	22c; per dozen cans
Snow Drift, 1 lb. cans, 40c seller	30c
Snow Drift, 2 lb. cans, 80c seller	60c
Sambo Pancake Flour, 2 packages for	35c
Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, 25c seller	20c
White Karo Syrup, 2½ lb. can, 35c seller, per can	25c
5 lb Bucket Dark Karo Syrup, 55c seller, per can	45c
White Karo Syrup, 5 lb. Can, 65c seller, per can	55c
Peet's White Naptha Soap, large size, 3 bars for	19c
Peet's White Naptha Soap, small size, 5 bars for	25c
P. & G. Soap, 3 bars for	20c

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